



STORM IN  
HARVEST

*And Other Poems*

By  
EDWARD STEESE

BRICK ROW BOOK  
SHOP, INC.

PS 3537  
.T29 S7  
1923  
Copy 1



Class P33937

Book 12957

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1923

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**





STORM IN HARVEST  
AND OTHER POEMS

*Copyright by*  
THE BRICK ROW BOOK SHOP, INC.  
1923

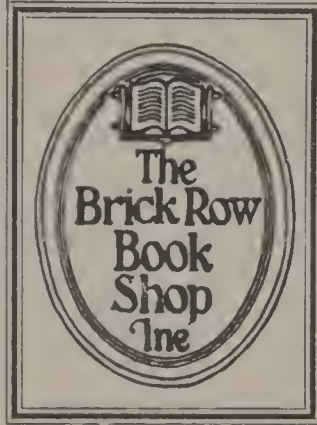
# STORM IN HARVEST

## *And Other Poems*

*By*

EDWARD STEESE

“



EDMOND BYRNE HACKETT

THE BRICK ROW BOOK SHOP, INC.

NEW YORK

NEW HAVEN

PRINCETON

1923

PS 3537

Tag 57

1923

OCT 25 '23

© CIA 759711

no 1



## FOREWORD

In bringing this book before the public, I wish first to offer my deepest thanks to Schuyler B. Jackson, and to Professors Morris W. Croll and Gordon Hall Gerould for their helpful criticism and aid in selecting these poems for publication, as well as for the encouragement and inspiration they have given me during my years at Princeton. I wish also to thank the editors of the London Mercury and the Nassau Literary Magazine, and the members of the Tuesday Evening Club for permission to reprint many of these poems.

E. S.

## C O N T E N T S

### I

Storm in Harvest, 7  
The Covered Well, 11  
Dead Leaves, 13  
Lines Written in Autumn, 15  
After Tennis, 25  
Mary, 27  
The Spinster of Skinch Lane, 28  
Evening, 30  
Relief, 31  
Tosca, Act III, 32  
Winter, 33  
March, 34  
Necessity, 35  
Fireside, 36  
After Golf, 37  
Symphony, 38  
Nordman Firs, 39

### II

A June Walk in Princeton, 43  
Going to Eat, 50  
Spring Night, 51  
The Student Re-enters His Room, 52  
The Student Looks From His Window, 53  
Twenty-One, 54  
Perspective, 55  
Peace of Night, 57  
Moonrise, 58  
On Leaving a Room, 59  
The Sea Lies East of Princeton, 60  
Metronomes, 61  
After Closing, 62

### III

- To a Woman Who Has Gained Peace, 65  
Sea Brume, 66  
Ecstasy, 68  
The Poet Calls His Love to the Mountains, 69  
He Advises His Love, 70  
Broken Chords, 71  
He Closes His Heart, 72  
He Finds Relief in Life, 74  
He Appeals to Night, 75  
He Seeks Other Lands, 76  
He Finds Peace at Dawn, 77  
Cold Stars, 78  
The Storm, 79  
The Locked Door, 80  
The Crystal Ballroom, 81  
To Lydia, 82  
Two Sonnets, 83  
On Seeing Some Inland Roses, 85  
The Next Meeting, 86  
He Finds Hope in the Cosmic Law, 87  
The Last Train, 88



STORM IN HARVEST



---

TO M. H. S. AND E. S. S.

---









LINES,

*In Memory of Howard Crosby Butler.*

We shall not hear his voice, nor touch his  
hand,

See wisdom face to face, nor quiet mirth  
Shall share with him, nor music, nor  
things planned

Enjoy as if fulfilled. There is a dearth  
Come to our lives, who knew him. He is  
dead.

We cannot tell of him as should be told,  
Nor reproduce his spirit. He is dead.  
Sorrow our hearts doth hold.

Friends . . . those who knew him, all,  
Lower the simple pall,  
And bow the head.

He would not have us mourn, but gently  
miss

His kindliness; and if his soul had shone  
To light our hearts with courage of the  
dawn,

He would have gladly smiled. But now  
that too has gone.

One hope of understanding, less;

One ray of simple gentleness;

One guiding hand with genius in its touch,  
Has passed.

This man was such  
In spirit, that he gave,  
Now would he bend to save,  
Himself for others.

Modest his name, but great  
The love we bore him. Rather would he  
be known  
As friend than as the master.

Now abate  
Your grief awhile, for this sweet life has  
sown  
In our remembering hearts, a constancy  
Of hope and wisdom, and an eager breath  
That shall not fail. Pay the earth's  
obsequies;  
His soul borne in our hearts shall not  
know death.

*(Princeton, September, 1922)*

## STORM IN HARVEST

All noon the burning sun blazed on the  
wheat,  
And from the field vertical waves of heat  
Rose in the sultry air. The yellow grain  
Quivered with drought, the kernels cracked  
with pain,  
While as the slow scythe cut, flashing the  
sky,  
Soughing through the crisp straw, powder  
as dry  
And fine as pollen mounted the air and  
hovered  
Until the reapers' hands and necks were  
covered  
With sweat and dust.

An old man paused, and said,  
Struck by the white horizon and the red  
Glow of the sky, "A storm is brewing  
there  
Beyond the west," and mumbled when  
the air  
Thickened above them, threatening.

As he spoke,  
From the hot hills a distant echo broke  
The withering silence, a low mutter of  
thunder.  
The reapers stopped their work, found  
shelter under

Clumps of huge trees, and cursed the  
gathering storm.

Some said they had foreseen it from the  
warm

Spell of dry weather that had passed, and  
knew

With such long drought some storm would  
surely brew.

They thought of the huge barn that soon  
would be

Cover from wet; how they would gladly  
see

Its gaping lofts filled with the golden  
straw,

And on the bright morrow, the greedy  
maw

Of the great thresher; then, the grain-bags  
stacked

On the barn's floor, and the wide wheat-  
bins packed.

The storm raced up behind the hills and  
drew

Nearer with shattering strides. The front  
clouds flew

Over the reapers' heads in a black  
rush

To the white sky. Then wind ceased,  
and a hush

Deep as the darkness brooded. The trees  
stood still,  
And the earth panted. On the blackened  
hill  
The barn stood empty, waiting. The  
thick sky  
Grew strangely denser. Wheeling swifts  
swooped by.  
The reapers waited, sickened. Each de-  
tail  
Sunk on their parching eyes: the fields  
grown pale,  
And flashing contrast, the viridian wood,  
And the bright poppies dripping their red  
blood.

The reapers closed their eyes, but the old  
man  
Could not relax, and waited still to scan  
The clouds, the hill, the barn, the hay new-  
stacked.  
He clapped his hand to his eyes.  
Lightning cracked,  
Snapped through the air in sheets; the  
thunder reeled  
Clapping and clacking over the red field.  
The reapers woke, and cried out. Thun-  
der broke

Again and again. The hot breath of  
smoke  
Beat in their nostrils, and they waked to  
find  
The barn on fire, and the old reaper blind.  
Brown smoke rolled out, black cinders  
eddie round,  
Winging the vacuous wind, and the  
parched ground  
Blistered under the scourge; the air turned  
still  
And hot, and the barn blazed on the far  
hill.

Then, suddenly down pounded the rain,  
And poured on man and barn and hill and  
plain.



## THE COVERED WELL

Now that the drab autumnal brown  
    Tinges the woods, and frost turns bare  
Fields yellow, she has come back to town  
    After ten years, with gray in her hair.  
She is alone this time, and knows  
    But dimly why she has come at all,  
Or why as once she went, she goes.  
    Then it was Spring; now it is Fall.

Down the long road in the October light  
    She holds her not unlovely head  
Quite high, smiles bravely at new sight  
    Of places known, and shows no dread.  
Sultry the afternoon and warm;  
    White gloves grow gray upon her hand;  
Dust powders her gown, and she  
    Is tired of carrying work she'd planned

To help her pass still hours here.  
    She will not use it now; she will go  
Only to where she went that year.  
    Then, the train home. So, once below  
The bend in the road, she hurries on  
    And comes to the little stone-rimmed  
    well;  
It is covered now, but she has gone  
    And heaved at the lid. And where it  
    fell

She lets it lie, and looks deep, deep  
In the ground. . . And then she  
turns away,  
Moving more slowly. She hears the peep  
Of myriad tree-toads in the gray  
Long grass of the drying swamp nearby,  
And stops, to think of the still June  
day  
She had looked in that well and tried to  
cry,  
And known that she would never pray.

Nor had she ever prayed, nor cried.  
Something had closed upon her then.  
It seemed that some small thing had died  
She'd not for worlds let live again.  
As the October twilight fades  
She remembers the old beauty there  
Of flowers and shrubs and trees and blades  
Of grass, and the golden wash of air;

But now she hears late robins call,  
The crickets chirp, and tree-toads blow;  
She feels the quiet evening fall,  
And thinks it must be time to go.  
She has put her hand to her face, and found  
It wet; but smiles, and holds her head  
More lightly. As she walks, the ground  
Seems more resilient to her tread.

## DEAD LEAVES

Deep in brown autumn woods they met.

Each sadly saw the other sad.

Each smiled, and said the day was wet

And full of drowsy meaning. . . glad,

Perhaps, to see the other there,

Tho' stranger, in the still, damp lane. . .

He did not see that she was fair,

Nor cared if they might meet again.

Yet, to each other they bowed, and  
thought

'Twould not be shameful if they walked

Together; find out what each sought

To gain. . . or lose. Low voiced, they  
talked

A while, he in vague allegory. . .

Summer was gone; 'twas sad, he said. . .

Always, always, the old, old story. . .

He hated to think of things grown dead.

She said there was no death. The soul

Ever found comfort in what was past.

So these dead leavings caused no dole

In her. Their truth still lived. She cast

Downward her glance to the wet brown  
leaves. . .

They spoke of fragrant spring to her.

He said, "Look at the umbering sheaves,

The wind-cast skies of lavender;

Colors of mourning; dead." "Not dead,  
But sleeping. Feel their sleep. The  
things  
Strewn on the ground are words," she said,  
"All vain, tho' once sweet utterings.  
Once they have cheered; surely will please  
Again, budding afresh. . . For I  
Know them put forth from immortal  
trees. . . ."  
He shook his head, and smiled good-bye.

. . . . .

They met again with spring. He felt  
Her fair and good. He saw her eyes.  
The leaves burst green anew; tongue spelt  
The old undying ecstasies.  
She smiled. "The tree is strong. Your  
words  
Are weak. Pity, they'll soon be dead!  
Strewing the ground, frail, trampled  
shards. . . .  
But oh, I'll come to you!" she said.

## LINES WRITTEN IN AUTUMN

*To M. H. S.*

### I

Now is the autumn, when new strength  
    inspires  
To fresh creation, and a sudden joy  
Of life wells in the heart. For sun is hard  
Beating on ripened fields where corn new  
    stacked  
Contrasts its light and shadow, and  
    pumpkins redden  
Near yellow sheaves and copses dark blue  
    grey  
With sudden color on the edge, where  
    crows  
Winging above the brush call harsh and  
    loud.  
Now is the autumn; glad are the strong  
    hearts  
That knock within us. Out to the fallow  
    fields  
Summon yourself. There, let the beauty  
    burn  
Into your heart, and as the mind receives,  
Squeeze on your palette colors of the sky  
Hills, brakes, and fields in the warm nat-  
    ural tones,  
To cover your canvas with the light of  
    Earth.



## II

When winter whitens on the fields, and  
fires  
In close shut rooms strive vainly with the  
cold  
That whirls through cracks and etches  
on the panes  
Figures and whorls of frost; when the wind  
beats  
Unmuffled at the door, and knocks and  
rattles  
At shutters, while snow sways down and  
heaps the land;  
When action ebbs, as the sere mind congeals,  
Sinking to rest. . . Then dreams are of  
long months  
Of verdure and sun's warmth, vacation  
gained  
By drudgery to release the hidden springs  
Of Being into life, when at the dawn  
The heart leapt with the sun over the  
fields,  
And journeying forth with sketch box we  
would go  
Up country lanes among the meadows and  
hills  
To seek some sheltered spot where we  
might work  
Through the noon heat, and luck having  
it so,

Imprison gleams of beauty; failing oft,  
The creative spark snuffed out, there to  
    drink in  
Treasure of summer in broad daisied  
    sweeps  
Of meadow, or in hay-making under a sky  
Where the heat raised white cloud-heads  
    in the blue  
To hang like eiderdown, and without  
    motion.  
Then came the days when the September  
    spell  
Was woven on the land, and brought a sleep  
As slept the imprisoned Princess in the  
    tower,  
And all the scullery maids and pot-brush  
    boys,  
Till the Prince came and waked them with  
    a kiss.  
So autumn comes and shakes the ver-  
    durous wood,  
With pinioned wind, and causes leaves to  
    fly  
And scatter hither thither, that erewhile  
Hung motionless in dream. The world  
    awakes  
With touch of that keen kiss, and riotous  
    life  
Leaps at its whip, while in the frosted  
    night

Color flushes sumac, aster and rod,  
And paints trees red and ochre. This the  
time  
For work and play combined, when the  
blood leaps  
Tingling through the veins, and the spirit  
laughs  
Tumultuous mirth; or Indian Summer  
come,  
There is a time for thought and preser-  
vation  
Of that last peace for dreams in winter  
months.

### III

When beaten down in mind, and worn  
with strife,  
The spirit seeks relief . . . the vital spark  
Declined, and intellectual vigor dulled . .  
How seldom comes that rest sought for. . .  
in vain,  
Through purely physical labor. But the  
heart,  
Cheered by the peace of Nature, probing  
down  
By blind analysis deeper than the crude  
External aspect, finds itself redeemed  
From darkness to a light one half its own,  
And one half Nature's, when gone from  
the scene



Of turmoil, one fares into the natural  
world,  
To reproduce its lesson, while vision grows  
With labor, and forgetfulness with vision.  
For when the senses whipt by beauty  
leap  
To quicker life, the enriched mind distils  
Their meaning, seeking now to represent  
In color what poured in with scent and  
sound.  
The work once done, there is an exaltation  
Of having nearer reached the springs of  
life;  
Or failing, this poor mind of flitting  
troubles  
Proved vain in solving to the root of Things,  
And small, but thus made greater, finds its  
rest.

#### IV

Of days when I have so experienced  
The truth of life, forgot but reassured,  
There are a host; but one day of all these  
Stands clearest in my mind, and the most  
dear.  
That dawn, mist veiled the land, and on  
the sea  
Lay like a shroud, while the slow mounting  
sun  
Rolled on the thick horizon, swollen and  
huge,

And spread flat shafts of light on the  
obscured waters.

Then the mists parted, and white gulls  
were seen

Hovering over driftwood; and the bay,  
Mirroring sky, slept in the cool dawn.

Three hours later, on a rounded hill

Close to the summit of the parching slope,  
Two sunburnt artists in crude paint-  
daubed smocks

Opened their boxes, took out canvasses,  
Palettes, brushes and paint, and set to  
work.

Below, the land was covered by white mist  
In seas of cloud spreading to the east and  
north,

And southward black-polled mountains  
lifted crags.

But on the stubbled field, on gorse and  
fern,

On wind-bent briers and storm-twisted  
pines

Clinging by rocks and piled stone walls,  
the sun

Blazed with unclouded heat, and warmed  
our hearts,

And struck sweet odors from the mounded  
slope;

And made rocks gleam, and throw off  
waves of heat.

Silent we painted, but at length stopt  
work

To look down on the mist, and to drink in  
The salt air from the sea and fill our lungs  
With the keen ichor; and threw back our  
smocks,

Till blew a wind cold as the wind that  
blows

From a white iceberg in the northern sea,  
Chilling us to the bone, who standing there  
Watched the mist wreath and billow in  
the blue sky,

And travel inland over fields, and then  
In sudden panorama the wide sea  
Blue as a sparkling sapphire, and the bay  
Broken with waves chopping on rocky  
shores

And black, pine-covered islands; white-  
sailed ships

Winging to sea with foam at their black  
prows,

And all the wonder of the coastal hills.  
Then the torn mist swirled round the  
barren slope,

And cut off sight.

Shivering, we drew on  
Smocks and sweaters, shuffled the paints  
in boxes,

Trudged to the road, and bundled things  
in haste

Into the waiting car. Then, the drive  
home  
Down from the hill, over the rolling road,  
With wind in our ears, and the clean breath  
of fog  
Clinging to face and hand; the swift de-  
scent,  
And the straight level stretch to home,  
where logs  
Heaped on the hearth blazed, and threw  
out heat  
That fog ran down in rivulets from our  
clothes,  
And steamed. . .

V

Should come the time, should come  
the time  
When we are in our graves, our souls shall  
wander  
Through the illimitable bounds of heaven,  
There, mounting some prominence, may  
we look  
From the high hills of heaven. . . may  
look down  
Upon the swirling mist as on that day  
We stood facing the wind and gazing down  
Upon that misty earth and hidden field  
Of water. Then this earth, become so  
dear...  
As why should it not be?... obscured by  
mist,

Through sudden rift of cloud and memory  
Revealed, as the wind of heaven touches  
    our spirits,  
Stirring remembrance, may whirl unob-  
    scured  
With seas and hills and valleys, through  
    the gap  
Of time, and as that day, show living  
    wonder  
To our remembering eyes that unimpaired  
Of vision, shall find the earth's manifesta-  
    tion  
Proved in the glorious fields of Heaven. .  
    But Oh,  
If this should be denied, if Heaven is not,  
And spirits linger in this earthly space,  
Habiting what they loved, and what in-  
    spired,  
Yet may no hill in heaven but that hill  
    serve  
As memory of Faith, and to our tired  
    ghosts  
Ever that earthly sight return the peace  
We knew that day. Even if death be an end,  
Unto the last of consciousness we may  
    keep  
That sea and sky in our spirits, and de-  
    ceived,  
Yet, loving life, bear glad hearts to the  
    grave.

## VI

But now is autumn, and the sun is up;  
The fields are white with dew, and skies  
are clear;  
A colourous world riots, and mirth rings  
out;  
Take up your paints, to the meadows, and  
forget to fear!



## AFTER TENNIS

Shadows creep across the lawn,  
Longer and longer; the warm sun  
Swiftly for night and a new dawn  
Cools; and now our game is done.  
We sit on the lawn and rest, and gaze  
Over the fields, watching the sun set,  
Silent. Should-be-forgotten days  
Surge up again. We cannot forget.

You laugh, "Do you remember?"  
It is high noon again, ten years  
Ago. A warm September  
Wraps us in sadness, and young tears  
Come back to us; but still we laugh.  
We did not know we were not sad then.  
Ten years have passed. Today the chaff  
Of Time fills up our eyes again.

The sun sets, and the air turns cold.  
We shiver, huddling our wraps around.  
"You won, two-love; I'm growing old.  
It was not that way once." The ground  
Under our feet grows damp. We stay  
While knowing better. "Never mind.  
We can remember, and still be gay,  
Better things than are left to find."

Night falls. "It is far better so.  
Things can't be now as they were then.

And yet. . . Time only could show  
The truth." "Forget it all." "Amen."  
"So lend me now your steady hand  
To say good-bye, and understand. . ."  
"I think these heavy mists will bring  
Us rain; don't you?" "I want to sing."



## MARY

Mary would stir all afternoon  
Red, bubbling jellies with a spoon  
Far, far too big for her, and taste  
With critical lips the sweet conserve,  
And smile approval with modest reserve. .  
None of her jellies went to waste.

And then we children would gather round  
Her skirts, and a low laughing sound  
Of love would ripple on her lip  
As she would hand us creamy bread  
With grape or mulberry butter spread,  
And give us cambric tea to sip.

But mostly I remember how  
She would so finely sew a seam  
For hours, until the sun hung low,  
When she would stop her work, and dream;  
Till we'd laugh in. . . She'd wake, and  
    then,  
Smiling, would take it up again.

## THE SPINSTER OF SKINCH LANE

The footfalls that she longs to hear  
Upon the pavement, coming near,  
Striking the walk with eager beat,  
The voice of all joy-bearing feet,  
She longs and listens for in vain.  
They do not echo down her lane.

Sun-up, and she has had her tea,  
Opened the knocked door to see  
If early visitors come her way,  
As once they did. . . But the long day  
Lulled by the hum of honeying bees,  
She works oblivious on her knees.

With trowel and string among her phlox  
And roses and pinks and holly-hocks,  
She thinks of the flower of her own spring,  
And of her wasted blossoming. . . .  
Sad is she there, for as she kneels  
Softly over her mind there steals

A quiet dream of how some friend  
Should call, and, without pitying, end  
The grey perspective of her days,  
And give her love, and give her praise. . .  
Dreams, with the beating of her brain,  
“Such things don’t happen down Skinch  
Lane.”

When toward sweet night the slow day  
draws

Its sunny span, then she will pause,  
Then she will view the silent skies,  
And silent tears will fill her eyes. . .  
Tonight she looks from door to lane,  
And smiles, and then grows sad again.

Biting her lip, she turns away.  
She does not want to see children play;  
But goes reluctant to her door. . .  
Skinch Lane shan't see her any more. . .  
For hope and life have run their train.

There'll be no mourning on Skinch Lane.

## EVENING

*(For M. H. S.)*

This is a quiet evening;  
In the green trees the black-birds sing.  
They only can tell as should be told,  
In the drowsy thoughts their low notes  
bring,  
Of another evening white and gold,  
An unforgettable evening.

I see you in your garden dress,  
Your ways of lovable tenderness,  
In all the bloom of summer and spring,  
That beautiful self in that dainty dress. . .  
Again on this kindred evening,  
Your unforgettable loveliness.

The eyes tear-lashed, the lips that sing  
In the happiness of evening,  
And the touch of twilight on your hair,  
Like sadness a delicate thought may  
bring  
Of the golden warmth of twilit air,  
Of an unforgettable evening.

## RELIEF

It is dusk, and after the day's heat  
The quiet cool of evening  
Comes to me as the soft and sweet  
Touch of a calm hand. I sing  
With thankful heart up to the skies  
Where clouds lit with the sulphurous  
light  
Of sunset touch my tired eyes  
With gladness, and a breath of night  
Born of the early stars wings down  
To lift me up in its crisp fold.  
My heart leaps as the lights of town  
Break out into the dark and cold.

### TOSCA, ACT III

The prison glooms upon the city's sleep  
When life is at its lowest, and the limbs  
Of lovers and of the old  
Are motionless, and in the dawn lie cold.  
Now eastern daylight draws night's veil  
and dims

The sombre sky and the stars, and sun-  
beams steep

The wandering clouds and sleepy sky with  
gold,

And bless the palace domes.

Slowly over the sleeping city comes

The chime of a distant bell.

The flag that has waved drowsily  
Through the dark hours, now made visible  
Upon the bastion, still waves drowsily,  
And stirs in the dawn wind.

O violins, cease your crying,

And viol, flute, bassoon,

Cease from your moan!

Yet not of him who shall be lying

Dead with a bullet in his heart do I mind,

Nor of his lover who bids him take hope,

and sees him dead, and dies. . .

But for my sake, O violins,

And viol, flute, bassoon,

Cease from your moan,

And still your cry!

## WINTER

(*To S. B. J.*)

The snow is heavy on the town,  
Swept from heaven down by the wind;  
And only the grey flakes and the brown  
Of trees are in the sky. I find  
No comfort in these things; I fear  
The passing of long year on year;  
I dread the cracking of winter tempests  
Over my heart grown cold and drear.

Yet I would plod against the beat  
Of sleet and storm if I might gain  
Rest by your fireside, and the sweet  
Hope in my heart, with loss of pain  
And darkness from my mind, by light  
Struck from your mind, flamingly  
white. . .  
The fire is dead; even your window dark,  
And snow grows heavier through the  
night.



## MARCH

The rain falls dismally on the ground,  
At night the creeping mists uprise  
From the dank earth where the trees  
stand

Dripping and cold. The sick heart cries  
For sunlight, as the slow day breaks  
Unseen over the eastern seas;  
And the heart from sullen dreaming wakes,  
But hears only the rain drip from the trees.



## NECESSITY

I do not ask that night  
Give me winged sleep that I  
Drooped on its pinions fly  
From dusk to a dream light,

Nor of cold vision to see  
Things beyond earth, if they  
Make dark my earthly way  
By their eternity;

But ask heart's peace to live  
In beauty of mortal things,  
Gaining for my soul wings,  
Yet not as fugitive.

For there is mind's relief  
In love, and food, and dress;  
There, too, forgetfulness,  
And faith, in grief.

## FIRESIDE

Dear things I love, dear quiet things,  
Like people that I love, and know. . .  
I had forgot that night-time brings  
Their realness home. The fire is low,  
And red and flickering flames now dart  
Quickly to die, and through the gloom  
Quiver the burning lights. My heart  
Is sad with beauty in the gloom.

Brass candle-stick, gray pewter mug. . .  
How lovingly the firelight glows  
On these, on ceiling, wall, and rug,  
On wing-back chair and colored rows  
Of books. . . How silent is their speech,  
And grave the happiness they lend. . .  
They are of me, and I of each  
Of them, in bondage without end.

## AFTER GOLF

Now it is evening, and I plod  
Home from the links. The weighted bag  
Presses my feet to ground, and I  
Am tired; muscle and spirit lag.  
All afternoon the quiet warmth  
Wrapped me around, and I would play  
The game without heart, and think most  
On autumn, and on this still day.

Homeward I plod, but I still see  
The greens bright in the September mist,  
And the immortals laughing there.  
The sun is set, and the sky is kist  
With light; but all the woods are dry  
And brown in the brittle fields. Now close  
Of day and summer knock. I hear  
The distant, lonely cawing of crows.

## SYMPHONY

Evening comes, and shadows drift  
In long lines on the heavy grass;  
And with the wind pass and repass  
Quiveringly. Beneath the trees,  
Over the flowers they fall and lift.  
The world breathes out its symphonies.

The air is golden and rich with bloom  
Of myriad flowers. Hushed is the sweet  
Twittering of wrens, and the swift beat  
Of whirring grackles from the sky.  
The hanging sun drops, and the gloom  
Deepens; the trees tremble and sigh.

Now it is dark; the trees are still;  
And restless grackles take breath from  
flight;  
The ground breathes as cover of night  
Muffles half of the world's girth;  
Mute in the hush we stand until  
We feel the heave of the turning Earth.

## NORDMAN FIRS

I have come back to you, my trees, at last,  
After insatiate wanderings,  
To hear the sougling South Wind in your  
boughs;  
And my heart sings.

I have found rest where you strive  
Heavenward,  
Roots in the sweet ground;  
Rest in your stately bending and soft  
Long boughs' shuffle and sound.

Far off where the dim lawn sweeps to the  
East,  
In woods hidden from sight,  
The frogs are peeping in the silence and  
hush and dream  
Of the deep night.

Beyond the water, lights of the city sear  
Gold arcs on the moving sky;  
But all the stirring and heaving of the  
heart  
Is in your melody.

I have come back at last, my seven  
guardians,  
Back to the old place,

To the cool South Wind that soughs and  
sighs in your boughs,  
And breathes on my face.

Limbs compass-pointed, prone on the dear  
grass,  
Face-up to stars I lie;  
I see your height sweep upward from the  
ground,  
Crests lost in the night sky.







A JUNE WALK IN PRINCETON  
(*For T. S.*)

I

Winter has come upon us; let me sing  
Of aught to give us strength through the  
    most drear  
And dismal months of the revolving year,  
Preferring one short hour that yet may  
    bring  
Refreshment to tired hearts, to which we  
    cling  
As bond of faith, of friendship, and the  
    clear  
Knowledge that makes this wintry world  
    appear  
More kind in purpose, as was last Spring.

Therefore, I take a subject that may please  
None but myself. . . if you, then better  
    so. . .  
Nothing that teaches others, nor thought  
    to ease  
Pain of their soul. I offer you what  
    strives  
Neither to mend nor influence other lives,  
Yet tells in part how gained we much we  
    know.

## II

So let them heed if they would knowledge  
share,  
The simple means of making such vast  
gain,  
Knowledge not won through tumult nor  
through pain,  
But peace comes sweetly in the midst of  
care;  
And let them sneer and snicker if they  
bear  
Aught of contempt or doubt of what is  
plain,  
Who find the answer neither in sun nor  
rain  
Unto a lonely world's unrisen prayer.

For they, no doubt, have done as we  
before,  
And, if it's true, these lines can give them  
naught  
Who think that sensuous Nature is no  
more  
Than of itself. But, as I sing, to you  
From one such teeming hour's swift  
review  
Will spring the flower of the wisest  
thought.

### III

Warm was the evening, and the stuffy air  
In the room grew burdensome, and the  
    dim care  
That irked my thought grew stifling as the  
    heat  
Of early summer. For outside was the  
    sweet  
Drowsy spell of flowers' scent, the  
    shadows  
Laying their silence on the town, and  
    meadows  
Not far away filled with red Columbine  
And daisies, and the green woods with  
    Celandine;  
Bloomed late spring beauties and anemones  
Where lushest grew the budded shrubs and  
    trees,  
The maples weighted down and throwing  
    shade  
That only by maples in young June is made.  
In neighboring gardens lilacs were in  
    bloom,  
Wygelia and first roses, so the room  
Was filled with the odor of spring, and yet  
    was dull,  
Because, outside, things were more  
    beautiful.

There, as I sickened, in the quiet street  
I heard, slowly approaching, the tread of  
feet  
On the warm pavement; presently, a voice  
Beneath my window made my heart  
rejoice;  
Books thrown away, I shuffled down the  
stair  
And sauntered out into the mellow air.  
We walked, breathing the warmth, my  
friend and I,  
Westward along the highroad, watched  
the sky  
Flush like a misted opal, and the red sun  
Roll in the west now the hot day was done.  
Once free of the town, we left the cobbled  
road,  
And over field and bright-flowered meadow  
strode,  
Into the sunset, on to a quiet lake  
Where elm and willow and shivering poplar  
make  
Placid reflection in the waters. There  
We lingered, cooled ourselves and felt the  
air  
Moist and refreshing after the warm day,  
And then we yawned, and rose, and went  
away  
From low-lands into hills, and on a hill

Where all the air seemed sweeter and more  
still

Again we tarried where the lingering sun  
Shone gold. But all the valley had begun  
To be obscured in shadows, and the herds  
Whose lowing blended with the song of  
birds,

Were loving the cool mist upon their  
flanks,

And, in their bovine manner, giving thanks.  
Now both of us, being poets, had brought  
a book

Of modern verse, yet never cared to look  
On modern song when sparrow and thrush  
were singing

Far truer music, and the deep shadows  
bringing

Cold purple glows of evening on the green  
Where now the mottled cattle were but  
half seen.

Still in the lingering light we loitered there  
Nor spoke, but, silent, stayed, as if in  
prayer,

To watching the flaming in the mellow  
west,

To think and wonder, and to learn, and  
rest.

Then, when the long slow shadows climbed  
the hill

We laughed, and rose, and wandered back  
in the still  
Light of the trembling sky, back to the  
town  
And came again to lawns so neatly mown  
They seemed like velvet where the flashing  
dew  
Of sprinklers lay upon them till their hue  
Was emerald, and in broad flower-beds  
Petunias and white lilies drooped tired  
heads,  
Syringa and mock orange made the air  
Heavy with a dull perfume, and the pear  
And bridal-wreath weighed racemes to the  
moist ground  
In silence. And there only was the sound  
Of our own feet upon the dewy road.  
Till a last vireo sang and took the load  
Of sensuous beauty from our souls. It  
sang  
Only a moment, yet the horizon rang  
Its echo back to our hearts, that purer  
notes  
Might wander from our pens and from our  
throats.  
We turned the shadowy corner, and heard  
swell  
Upon the air chimes of the chapel bell;  
And then we mounted to my room to rest  
Until the last light faded from the west;



But when the dark came down, and the  
starlight,  
We walked again, and breathed the living  
night.

#### IV

Let me stop here. In quiet June we  
went  
And watched the slow close of a summer's  
day  
Until the warm west glimmered and paled  
gray,  
And to the heated earth cool night was  
sent.  
That night, to us half-fathoming what it  
meant,  
Half-consciously, perhaps, shall equal  
weigh  
In quiet grace of Heaven. But I shall say  
No more, for now my gladder song is  
spent.

Dear friend, although our hearts shall not  
forget  
Yet may this record tell when the year has  
drawn  
To an end, one hour of other suns long set.  
June comes the same and goes, and there  
shall stay  
But this my bond to you who go your way,  
Gladly, and with fresh hope, into your  
dawn.

## GOING TO EAT

*(For T. S.)*

As we went striding down the street  
With light hearts and light feet  
Bent on something or other to eat,

The wind whistled and made moan,  
And lights were dim in the college town  
Where only we went striding down

The midnight walk. And God! how cold. .  
But youth had made us gay and bold,  
We thought it beautiful to grow old. . .

Poets and friends, together at night,  
When wind frosted and laid a blight  
Of dust on the land, and blinded our sight.

The leaves rattled, whipt, and flew by;  
Two sycamores shivered stark and high,  
And then bowed down like ghosts in the  
sky.

The stars shone out. We were young and  
proud.  
Suddenly then there came a crowd  
Of spirits winging. We laughed out loud!



## SPRING NIGHT

### I

We talked of trivial matters, he  
And I; but ah! the night was warm  
And wet, and full of spring and storm  
That couched on the wide-shadowed lea;  
But every tree  
Set from the wood was deep, deep red  
Inverted in the misted road.  
We rested. Hot rain fell. We strode  
Back to hot rooms. The night was bled,  
And our words hung dead.

### II

Here on these steps, in wan moonlight,  
Let us think;  
Let us breathe the rich quietude of night,  
And think.

### III

And Nature, free us from small thought!  
And Spring,  
Fill us with all rich beauty! Here, tonight,  
Let the full notes of that ecstatic bird  
Singing in the dark alders bring us life.

## THE STUDENT RE-ENTERS HIS ROOM

Night has come to the earth;  
It is late.  
The ash is white on the hearth,  
And the coal in the grate.

Four hours ago — But now  
It is cold.  
Even your dream is burnt low,  
And the flame is old.

Go, go to sleep, and forget;  
Till the laughter turned tears  
Shall be sweeter and warmer yet  
Through all the years.

## THE STUDENT LOOKS FROM HIS WINDOW LATE AT NIGHT

The night is cold, and white stars gleam  
Upon the tinkling grass and trees;  
In the unlighted dormitories  
The men have gone to rest.  
There is a silence sounding deep  
As the Earth turns and youth takes sleep.

This is a hard life, but we have done  
Our best; and all's to do again  
Tomorrow in the sun or rain,  
And we can do no more,  
Fooling ourselves and the world, than  
    plan,  
And strive each one to be the man

He is not nor shall be. But O,  
God bless us all, poor fools; I pray  
That we may bravely meet the day,  
Unflinching in the dawn,  
And at the hour of day's break  
The bright sun warm us as we wake. . .

I have turned out the last pale light;  
Goodnight.

## TWENTY-ONE

Now he's twenty-one,  
O, there will be great merry-making;  
For he has gone  
Through twenty-one years without his  
heart's breaking.

And the twenty-one years  
Were a long time in going;  
Best let him laugh till his hairs  
Turn gray, fall out, and then stop  
growing.

Well? One thing's done;  
Until life's ended it's not so fleeting.  
But here's to him; he's twenty-one;  
And his heart will break soon, but not  
stop beating.

## PERSPECTIVE

When the late sun is falling low  
Above the hills, and the smooth hush  
Of a spring evening spreads, I go  
Sometimes into the fields and bush  
To feel the stillness. There,  
With none to share  
The beauty of the scene I rest,  
And breathe the cool, sweet, earthy  
smells  
Of country, or on some hill-crest  
Lying, I hear dulled the distant bells  
Summoning men to vespers. I  
Motionless lie,  
And do not care for anything  
That calls for thought. . . my studies,  
books,  
The voice of loud tongued bells that ring  
To class. . . but for some seat that  
looks,  
Some rounded knoll or hill-side, down  
Upon the town,  
Where the tall towers rise, and throw  
Long shadows on street, walk, and  
green,  
And ever students come and go  
Across that ever peaceful scene,  
Oft on some game or pleasure bent,  
Now day is spent,

Or if work lingers, "letting slide"  
Till morning. This, the Princeton way  
In June; on this green country-side  
Life ebbs at the warm close of day,  
As, from a distance, still,  
Upon my hill,  
I view it all, and feel its spell  
Come over me, and love its peace;  
And hear the distant chapel bell  
Speak of a past that shall not cease  
To grow. Now twilight is less bright.  
Now it is night.

## PEACE OF NIGHT

Calm night flows down on cote and wold  
And hill with the slow, muffled tune  
Of deepening silence half unrolled  
Through the long lingering eves of June;

And, in the quiet streets where oft  
I stroll, in this still country town,  
I feel the night pulsating soft,  
But full of peace as it pours down.

## MOONRISE

Silent, the moon behind the feathery trees  
Rises. The lake, quiet as memories,  
Stirs not. The stars are dimmed.  
Through the unruffled air and over the  
still waters  
Comes song of tree-toads hymned.

We are so silent now, that we can hear  
The stirring of grasses in the light lap of  
air;  
So quiet that, taking heart, a frog  
Croaks out his song at our feet, and in the  
silence,  
We can hear the rot tick in a floating log.



ON LEAVING A ROOM I HAVE  
OCCUPIED FOR A YEAR

(*To C. P.*)

The rugs are up, the curtains down, the  
chair

Crated and tagged, and papers strew the  
floor;

The trunks are packed, and the whole  
room is bare

But for the dust and wrappings; the shut  
door

Entombs the desolation. All my books  
Are taken from the shelves, and boxed,  
and sent. . .

Now the landlady raps, and someone looks  
Over *our* room, and talks of terms and  
rent.

But next year, at this time, he too will go,  
Yet leave part of himself; new men will  
stare

At the hushed room, live in it, and not  
know

That there are others. . . dead men. . .  
living there.

Not till the old house falls, will flee the  
hosts

Of one time young, but ever youthful  
ghosts.

## THE SEA LIES EAST OF PRINCETON

The sea lies east of Princeton. Let me  
look  
Out on the morning landscape as a book  
Of vision. Let me be.  
Mock not, for I look eastward to the sea.  
I look away  
From things less spiritual to the dawn;  
Over the dew-wet lawn,  
Far, far away,  
Beyond the buildings, over the sunlit  
plain  
To the articulate main;  
On to the gold horizon; fix my eye  
On the illimitable sky!  
O Princeton, let me be;  
I read my visions eastward in the sea!

## METRONOMES

Let us go find metronomes:  
Perhaps the finding will give birth  
To order and rhythm upon the Earth. . .  
Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
Tick, tock, time to eat,  
Tick, tock, time for bed,  
Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
Tick, Jim's married, they say,  
Tock, Jack died today,  
Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
Tick, find metronomes,  
Let us go find metronomes. . .  
"But what becomes of all our laughter,  
What of our love, and our freedom of  
    song?" . . .  
Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
Order and rhythm, order and rhythm. . .  
Tick, tock, tick. . .

## AFTER CLOSING

I don't know why I stayed. . . To feel  
The turn of some mysterious wheel  
Of life; hear in my ears what rung  
Like echoes of a song just sung. . .

I lingered when the rest had gone;  
I viewed the empty campus lawn;  
And saw in every blade of grass  
The mark, the bruise of feet that pass.

---

### III

---



## TO A WOMAN WHO HAS GAINED PEACE

I did not know you, but I think your  
youth

Could not have been more beautiful than  
the age

That proves you gracious, who have read  
the truth,

And read it to your image. The turned  
page

Is turned for kinder vision, and your eyes  
Are not less bright for having filled with  
tears.

Now in your heart the peace of wisdom  
lies

Where love and sorrow lay so many  
years.

I worship you, would have worshipped you  
then

With passionate love, but not as now, a  
queen

Who walks with stately quiet to make men  
Bow to the good in women. But what  
you have seen

I can but vaguely ponder. . . Things that  
I

May love, and yet not know, until I  
die?

## SEA BRUME

The moon is rising cold and blear,  
Quiet as only the moon can be,  
And the low souging in the weir  
In the slow motions of the sea,  
And the smooth flow of rising tide  
Mounting with fateful certainty,  
Make the waves' lap at the wharf-side  
Break the monotony. No sound  
Other than theirs ruffles the wide  
Moon-spilt silence wrapping us round.

Over the dank brume from the ground  
Infinite is the mist-blown sky,  
Silence in which a breath is drowned,  
That the warm breathers, you and I  
Sop till our souls are of all space  
And time eternal, and the sigh  
Of the sea, the sorrow of the place  
Under the saturate still of night,  
Blend in the shadow of your face,  
Grown old and wise in the half light.

Lost in the deep spell of night  
And the unceasing wash of air,  
Is the insidious rot, the blight  
Under the surface; soul's despair  
Waxed with the tide's flow and the seep  
Of waves risen in the sedge, till prayer  
Grows numb with silence and a deep



Realization of flesh. Unshoaled  
Now are the high waters, and creep  
Seaward with scums like hopes grown  
old.

Now the dark air turns shivering cold,  
It shudders through us, and we see  
Only the universal mould,  
Night, and the world's necessity.  
Lend me the quiet of your eyes,  
Let fall your dark hair over me.  
Night's and the ocean's mysteries  
Blend in your flesh. And now my quest  
Is peace, and even as hope dies,  
Let me forget in your arms, and rest.

## ECSTASY

Wind like keen steel cuts the fogged air,  
And lashes flecks of spray  
To javelin whips, till the blare  
Like rattle of trumpets hits my ear,  
Till the incessant motion and sway,  
The battering of waves and the drear  
Dreadfulness and monotony  
And unrest of the sea  
Bruise me so meadows with mild breeze  
Wandering over them, and hills  
Sunny-flowered with the bland bees'  
Hum insistent through the air,  
Or the wide, simmering sky that fills  
With clouds bosomed on the fields' glare,  
And even the hushed rustle of trees  
Can lend no ease  
More permanent than minute's rest  
That is no rest; for the bell  
Buoyed at sea clanks from the wave's  
crest  
And jangles its call tirelessly.  
And I shall ride the swell  
Of mounting waves till the crude sea  
Of bitterness be ecstasy  
To me.

## THE POET CALLS HIS LOVE TO THE MOUNTAINS

Come up to the high mountains, love,  
where I

See clearer to the stars, and may look  
down

Upon the rounded Earth; come high, come  
high,

To where the luminous heavens spread  
unknown.

Oft to the valley from the misted hills

I'd have you go, down to the moving  
sea,

But now, my love, the enchanted spirit  
wills

Stronger, to lift with thin-pitched  
melody

To frozen summits loftier than the mount

Where oft I pay you court in the low  
land,

That hearing, love has no short hours to  
count. . .

But come to me; I cannot reach you my  
hand.

## HE ADVISES HIS LOVE

Seek not thy god in flesh, for he will die. . .  
When god is dead, what hope has one of  
faith?. . .

Or love will cease. . . And one must  
ceaselessly

Love god, unto the emptiness of death. . .  
Look inward to thyself. What not in thee  
Is there in him? Thou changest. He will  
change. . .

Or toward some intellectual deity  
Then let the free, impetuous spirit range.

Seek elsewhere. Thou may'st think death  
cannot kill

This wonder, though thou forcest love  
grown small

And petulant in action. . . There is still  
The sure calamity, worst, worst of all,  
When the unchanging changes. . . be it  
not

That dread defection be so soon forgot.

## BROKEN CHORDS

Alone; and you have gone, while through  
the room

Sifts mellow sunlight in long bars of red,  
Limning the window, deepening the gloom  
Of solitude till even that light is dead,  
And through the window stares a ghastly  
sky

Of fiery smalt, as silent on my couch I lie  
Watching arc lamps turn bright along the  
street,

Flicker, and cast black shadows on the  
wall. . .

I rise, and by the window take my seat,  
And strain toward clearer thought.  
Some music hall

Across the way makes ready for a dance,  
And hearing this, I fall into a nightmared  
trance;

But presently thin music plays and sifts  
Into my room in dim discordant strains.  
Now silence; now a weak-voiced viol lifts  
Dry, plaintive notes like quick, half-  
stifled pains,

To strike and tear nerve-fibres and taut  
chords

Of thought, till elfin phantoms troop in  
eerie hordes,

Dressed in gray memories, vermillion  
dreams,

Black, blue, green, yellow twitchings of  
unrest. . .  
But still the muffled music hums, drums,  
streams  
Like thin-mouthed shudders of a soul  
unblest.  
Cutting like sleet, or like white fire they  
burn,  
Torturing, screaming: Gone, gone past all  
return!  
Wraiths of sad, far-off dances; on the  
beach  
Long mornings, idly bantering in the sun;  
Water, sparkling ripples, and the reach  
Of listening promontories. One by one  
Such little scenes pour themselves out, and  
grind  
Each other into dust, in dust whirl from  
my mind.

And then, somehow, the music is mere  
sound,  
Void of all meaning. Just another night  
Of dullness comes to go its dreary round;  
But suddenly I turn full on the light  
To clear the room of thought and quick  
regret,  
And be a lantern for a heart whose sun has  
set.



## HE CLOSES HIS HEART

Sink beauty to the earth, and die in pain  
After an hour's blooming, do not weep,  
Grieve not; think other beauty springs  
again,

That the dead bloom was troublesome to  
keep;

For it was constant care to the loving hand,  
And tiring worry to the brooding eye,  
Grief in life to the fearful mind that  
planned

To ward Death from a beauty doomed to  
die.

Grieve not, grieve not! The heart is free  
again.

Let soar the wandering mind through  
thoughtful space.

Make love less earthy, though less dear,  
and then

Forget. Grieve not o'er a forgotten  
face.

And that it stay forgot, use all thy wit,  
Close fast thy heart; and O, speak not  
of it!

## HE FINDS RELIEF IN LIFE

When I am numb with sorrow and with  
    night  
And the immeasurable distance of the stars  
That prick the malarial sky; when petty  
    wars  
And strifes distend my dreams and blear  
    my sight. . .  
When everything is wrong, and nothing  
    right,  
And moon and sun indifferent are to Earth,  
Till it seems Man's best destiny from  
    birth  
To a last death be one of swift delight. . .  
I throw myself on life, and grieving gain  
Moments relief in life, and purge my  
    dreams  
In living, and believe, and still my cry  
Until my senses sing, while joy and pain  
And rich contentment fill me, till it seems  
I'd see white angels winging from the sky.



## HE APPEALS TO NIGHT

Night, Night, mild time of rest and  
sweetened sleep,

Be kind to me who have so loved the  
dawn,

And seen the sun loom up the golden steep

And blaze into meridian. It has drawn

The sap from me, and made the world  
turn dust

That catches evening's meagre gold and  
red

Too late; the land is russet and black rust,

The beauty the sad beauty of the dead.

Be kind to me, Night; give me lengthened  
rest,

With dream, but not of feverous heat  
and noon,

Nor of the treasure sinking in the West;

But let the luminous quiet of the moon

Pour down upon me sleep, that I may rise

And meet the morning sun with shining  
eyes.

## HE SEEKS OTHER LANDS .

You had not much to offer, and I go  
To distant seas and hills with a glad heart,  
Seeking that rest and happiness I know  
Lies somewhere. God is good. There  
is some part  
Of this Earth I may find it, be it high  
On starlit peaks above the spreading  
plain,  
Open to wind and the down-pressing sky,  
Or on the wide sea. Now through every  
vein  
I feel the pulse leap to the eager quest;  
I leave you on the morrow. . . But this  
sunset  
You show me beauty until now unguessed.  
There is a spell of peace, and I forget  
Drab days, and must remember you for  
this. . .  
For I have found rest in a parting kiss.

## HE FINDS PEACE AT DAWN

All night I listened to the monody  
And restless plaint and cry of the marsh  
    brine;  
The ripples' creak through the weeds in a  
    fine  
Grievous lament of twanging agony;  
Till the far sobbing of the distant sea,  
Of cold breakers churning their long, salt  
    line  
On the hard shore hushed the unquiet  
    whine  
Of ripples, and wrapped a deep sea-sleep  
    upon me.

But I awake, strangely early, and the sun  
Mellow as morning, warms the fresh-  
    springing breeze,  
And spreads over the broad grasses of the  
    dun  
Sea meads; on the marsh beach, a calm  
    white light,  
And on the waters; and all so still, and  
    bright. . .  
Dear God! the very peace, the very peace.

## COLD STARS

I have writhed in the festering heat  
Of noon; I have felt my mind  
Reel with the southern wind,  
And drops of passionate sweat  
Dry on my brow.

But now,

I have seen the distorting light  
Fade, and white stars shine out;  
I have felt my fever's rout,  
I have breathed the clean air of night.

## THE STORM

The sky lowers;  
It showers;  
Raindrops in big splashes fall;  
Dark is the room, dark is the hall.  
Draperies stir; breezes spring  
Soft as the feather of an owlet's wing,  
Rest on my cheek, and go.  
Tick, tock,  
Ticks the clock;  
Slow, slow, slow.

The door opens; a stranger there  
Stands silent on the dusty stair;  
Black, and then dead white his hair. . .  
And the lightning flashes. He is not there.

And the wind blows the door shut,  
And the thunder rumbles in;  
And then there is only a thin  
Murmur of rain, and the wind dies out,  
And the sun cracks the clouds like a  
shout. . .  
Yet there's nothing to shout about.

## THE LOCKED DOOR

The door is locked, and that is all  
There is to say about it.  
And as for what's inside the room,  
I'll have to go without it.  
The door is locked, and that is all  
There is to say about it.

But if I know what's in the room,  
Why, I keep still about it.  
And so, for knowing what it is,  
You'll have to go without it.  
The door is locked, and that is all  
There is to say about it.

## THE CRYSTAL BALLROOM

The touch of irony is light on all of us  
tonight,  
Four hundred roses blooming in an acreage  
of blight;  
Envied, hated, cursed? Who cares ?  
We've got our liquor stored;  
We are the god-like millionaires, and like  
the gods are bored!

## TO LYDIA

I do not love you if in play  
I pledge my love, for your life's way  
And mine differ as night and day.

But when my dream is shard, the thought  
Of you, and happiness you have brought  
Into my life, is dearly sought.

You ease the mind of one who prays  
For you, and for your delicate ways,  
The loveliness that stays, and stays.

Nor would I have your spirit know  
Years' hardening, but pray that it go  
Lightly through the adagio,

And move as with your bodily grace  
You tread this strange and motley place  
With youth upon your lifted face,

And mien nor childish nor unwise  
Of unaccounted laughter and sighs  
And joy and sorrow in your eyes.

I love the light unwittingly shed  
By the chaste poise of your proud head.  
I sorrow that your mind is dead.



## TWO SONNETS

### I

You are as shallow as a meadow stream  
Pellucid in the sun, that he will find  
Who chances near, more limpid than a  
dream

Where mist is not, nor cloud, nor any wind.

When sun is shining, and the dragon flies  
Glimmer above it where light grasses sway  
On the white surface, it is blue as skies  
And warm as summer on an August day.

But when clouds gather, and the heating  
sun

Is hidden, and quick, sudden gusts of  
storm

Whip up a tiny whirlpool where was none,  
The water is made cold that was so warm.

Then, when the lightening sun has chased  
the rain,

The stream flows clear, and smooth, and  
warm again.

## II

But let no man build cities on its brink,  
Nor dam its flood to make it broad and  
    deep;  
It will not fill the dam, nor sweeter drink  
Will offer, nor its pristine clearness keep.

Small stream, let it flow idly to the sea  
Through pleasant banks where lovers  
    come to lie,  
And hear its crisp and shallow melody,  
Or children play, or poets such as I

Gain mind's refreshment in its warm, still  
    flow,  
And watch its ripples in the sunrays gleam,  
Or like Narcissus by a pool bend low  
To see their likeness shadowed in the  
    stream.

He who shall gaze in it will find more fair  
The meaning of his plainness imaged there.

## ON SEEING SOME INLAND ROSES

The inland roses have not  
    the fragrance of those by the sea,  
The roses convolvulus twined  
    that cling to the spray sown shore;  
They have not the crimson blood,  
    and their pallor is nothing to me  
Who am sick of their faint breath,  
    and have loved the others before.

They have not the ecstatic flush  
    that comes of salt air and the wild  
Beating of waves at their roots;  
    they are satiate with the dew  
Of soft dawn on their petals;  
    they are pure and undefiled;  
But they lack the sea-bred strength,  
    and never will have the hue

Rich and clear and ringing  
    of their sea sisters, and hue of life  
Born of the struggle of weather and wind  
    and bitter soil and the sea,  
The brave and beautiful spirit  
    sprung from victorious strife;  
I have loved their sturdier sisters,  
    and these are nothing to me.

## THE NEXT MEETING

I wonder, should we meet again,  
If you would smile upon me then,  
Or if you'd show averted eyes. . .  
Say, merely something in your guise  
To flagellate and throw me down. . .  
A subtle sneer, a petty frown. . .  
Or would you only laugh and jeer  
At things that happened yesteryear?

I think perhaps you'd go all white,  
And then all crimson, at my sight,  
And slip into some handy store  
So I'd not see you any more.  
I'd look away; perhaps regret  
The things you'd wish me to forget,  
And sing the postlude of romance  
Started and ended at a dance.

## HE FINDS HOPE IN THE COSMIC LAW

Now is the closing of the year; but there  
comes spring;  
It is the night, but after night comes dawn;  
One moment passes, that new moments  
bring  
New worlds when this is gone.

## THE LAST TRAIN

I shall go out at night,  
And leave the heated room  
Dull in the half gloom  
Of guttering candle-light,  
Nor longer shall I stay  
Lest lingering I see  
The candles die away,  
The last wine poured for me;  
Into the night I'll glide  
From the dim table-side  
And the tired talkers there,  
Into the snow-sweet air.

Then once the threshold passed,  
Free of the waning mirth,  
On the cold, wintry earth  
I'll walk half glad at last;  
Half gladly I shall go,  
Half sadly, without sound,  
Over the fallen snow  
And on the frozen ground;  
Sad to think and to long  
For the ring of a dead song;  
Glad love left its mark  
To friend me through the dark.

The corner I shall make,  
And hurry down the street,

But, no one shall I meet  
Thereon to still the ache  
Of heart's deep loneliness  
And quiet of the night,  
To quell the sudden press  
Of happiness dreamt in light  
Fallen from candles tall  
To shadow the long hall,  
And the mirth and laughter ringing  
Upon the walls, and the singing

Of friends. I'll think, and mourn,  
And shuffle on with weight  
Of burdens grown of late  
Too heavy; I shall turn  
Down the long sloping lane,  
With tread nor quick, nor slow.  
I have gone to the last train  
Before, as I shall go,  
And heard as I went down  
A bell ring over the town,  
Incessantly beat the air,  
To make a world despair;

Heart-beat on bell-beat; long  
Inharmonious notes  
Forced from the iron throats  
To wail phantasmal song.  
Down to the train I have gone,



Silent and tired, with eyes  
Searching for things once known  
Now hidden by dark skies.  
When only snow has gleamed  
In the night whose falling seemed  
To bring peace on the land,  
But pain to understand.

On the dim platform I  
Have waited and watched the snow  
Flicker and fall in the glow  
Of the station lamp nearby;  
And stood, and seen the rails  
Shine in the dark and gleam,  
And heard the far-off wails  
And intermittent scream  
Of engines, and the peals  
Of a bell with rumble of wheels  
And groan of ties. The glare  
Sudden on snow-thick air

Bursts with a rush of wind  
And roar of iron; and then,  
The empty tracks again,  
And the breath of the wet wind;  
Till through the blinding night  
Long clanking cars are drawn  
Slowly from hills of moonlight  
To seaboards of white dawn;



And when they too have passed  
Suddenly comes the last  
Train out of the West;  
And what is last is best.

I mount the steps and throw  
My weight on the heavy door,  
And in the corridor  
I choose a chair; and know  
Many a time the light  
Too dim for reading there,  
And so gaze at the night  
Outside and the snow's glare  
On field and house and tree  
Passing too soon to be  
More than a shape in the gloom,  
A gleam in the cold brume.

And barely do I keep  
From moaning; and I look  
Back to the blurred book,  
And at travellers asleep,  
Until I too must doze,  
And only dimly wake  
To see the glimmering rows  
Of city houses break  
The dark, as the train goes  
Swaying on, nor slows,  
But swings over the fen,  
And gathers speed; and then

Into the dark well  
The cars roar, and sweep  
With clatter and clank through the deep  
Throat; and the lorn bell  
Rings in the thick black,  
Beneath the river-bed,  
Until the eardrums crack  
And grow numb. Someone has said  
A word or two, and some  
Arise, knowing they've come  
To the end, rub eyes and yawn. . .  
Slowly, the journey done,

The cars jog on the rail,  
Lights flash, and the brakes grind;  
Then the press out, to find  
The smell of mist, and the pale  
Luminous haze of air,  
The stairs, the many feet  
Trampling into the bare  
High hall, and the known, sweet  
Touch of hand or a kiss. . .  
I know it will be like this,  
All gladness and relief  
From cankerous heart's grief. . .

I shall go out at night,  
And leave the heated room  
Dull in the half gloom  
Of guttering candle-light;

Nor longer shall I stay,  
Lest lingering, I see  
The candles die away,  
The last wine poured for me.  
Into the night I'll glide  
From the dim table-side,  
And the tired talkers there,  
Into the snow-sweet air.





PRINTED BY THE ARGUS CO.  
ALBANY, N. Y.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Oct. 2009

**PreservationTechnologies**

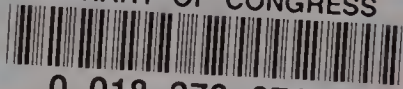
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 378 271 A

